

OUR HOME COMPANION.

WE ENDEAVOR TO AMUSE: WE STUDY TO INSTRUCT.

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Poetry.

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I haf von leedle poy
Vot comes schust to my knee ;
Der queerest schap, der greatest rogue
As efer you die see ;
He runs, und schumps, and schmashes dings
In all barts off der house—
But vot off dot? he vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yaw, ob Strauss.

Her got der measles und der mumbs,
Und eferding dot's out ;
He sbills mine glass of lager bier,
Poots schnuff into mine kraut ;
He fills mine blate mit Limburg scheeese—
Dot vas der roughest 'n house,
I'd dake dot vrom no other poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine came in dwo
To make der schticks to beat it mit—
Mine cracious, dot vas drue !
I dunks mine head vos schbilt abart,
He kicks up such a touse—
But nefer mind, der poy's vos few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions soch as dese :
Who baints my nose so red ?
Who vos it cuts dot schmoodth blace outd
Vrom der haar upon mine head ?
Und where der plaze goes vrom der lamp
Vene' der glim I douse—
How gan I all dese dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I shall go vild
Mit sooch a grazzy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest
Und beaceful dimes eushoy ;
Put ven he vos ash'cep in ped,
So quiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord "dake anydings,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

DER DRUMMER.

Who puts oup at der pest hotel,
Und dake his oysters on der schell,
Und maid der frauleins cuts a schwell?
Der Drummer.

Who vas it comes into mine schtore,
Drows down his pundtes on der floor,
Und nefer schtops to shut der door?
Der Drummer.

Who dakes me py der handt und say :
"H us Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day?"
Und goes for pe. snis right away?
Der Drummer.

Who shpreads his zumples in a trice,
Und dells me, "Look, a d see how nice!"
Und says I gets "der bottom price?"
Der Drummer.

Who says der tings vas eggs'ra vine—
"Vrom Sharnany, ubon der Rhine"—
Und sheats me den dimes outd of mine?
Der Drummer.

Who dells how sheap der goots vas bought ;
Mooch less as vot I gou d imbort,
But lets dem go as he vas "short?"
Der Drummer.

Who varrants all der goots to suit
Der gustomers ubon his route,

Und ven day gomes dey vas no goot ?
Der Drummer.

Who comes aroundt ven I been outd,
Drinks oup mine bier, and eats mine kraut,
Und kiss Katrina in der mout?
Der Drummer.

Who, ven he comes again dis vay,
Vill hear vot Pfeiffer has to say,
Und mit a plack eye goes away?
Der Drummer.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I'm sitting, darling, by thy side,
As in the days gone by,
When hearts were light, and hopes were bright
As summer's cloudless sky ;
No lines of sorrow marked thy brow—
From all life's cares apart,
The future casts no shadows now
To cloud thy sunny heart.

No spectres from her mystic depths
Came forth to mar our bliss,
Life's opening heavens shone fair and bright,
And love brought happiness,
We stroll'd together side by side,
Our hearts with joy aglow,
And you became a loving bride,
Just twenty years ago.

Do you remember, darling,
How the hours would swiftly fly,
As we listened, in the moonlight,
To the music, you and I?
In the glorious summer moonlight,
Sitting by the open door,
Connig o'er the dear old story
That so many learns before.

Like some struggling golden sunbeams,
Filtering through a clouded sky,
Come, those memories sweet to lure me
Back to days that are gone by.
We have sailed our bark together
Down life's ever-changing tide,
And when storms would round us gather,
You grew closer to my side.

When the breaker's spray dashed o'er us,
"Keep up courage," you would say,
"Bright and clear will be the morrow,
Dark and drear as is to-day."
When we anchor in the harbor
And the tide is ebbing low,
In our hearts be peace and sunshine,
As was twenty years ago.

GATHERING ROSES.

Out in the shaded porch she stood,
Twinig the sweet rose vine,
Said I, "There is one bright rose I see
That I tain would keep as mine."
"I'll toss you your choice," she gayly said,
The rose leaves fluttering o'er her head.

"My rose" said I, "is the largest there,
And if that one you refuse—
The sweetest, brightest, best of all—
None other will I choose."
"Come gather your rose yourself" said she,
Turning her blushing face from me.

Gladly I did her bidding then,
And claspinz her hand in mine,
Gathered my rose all close to me,
Under the fragrant vine.
"This is the one I want!" cried I ;
And a kiss was her reply.